A Letter to Dr. Tancred Robinſon, *in Anſwer to ſome Paſſages in His to Mr.* VVotton, *relating to Mr.* Harris's *Remarks on ſome Late Papers, &c.*

SIR,

YOU are pleaſed to ſay *you have had very ill Treatment from me,* tho *you believe, I never ſaw you, nor ever received any Affront or Injury by your means.* 'Tis true indeed that (to my knowledge) I never did ſee you; as alſo that I know of no *Affront* or *Injury* you ever did or occaſioned me. And I do here aſſure you, that it was no *Private diſguſt* at Dr. *T. R.* that induced me to write the Diſcourſe that ſo much offends you, but a Reſolution to beſtow ſome Remarks on thoſe who from *ſuch poor Piques* will ſet themſelves by ſecret and unfair ways to oppoſe Truth, Undermine Religion and True Philoſophy, and Blaſt the Reputation of thoſe that endeavour to propagate them. But wherein I have ill Treated you, I ſhall particularly enquire. And firſt, you charge me with *Inſinuating that you are the Beaſt L. P.* and that therefore *I have fallen heavily on the Introduction to Sir* John Narborough, *&c.* To which I anſwer, that I no where call *L. P. Beaſt*, nor directly charge the Eſſays on you. 'Tis true, I hint now and then that there are ſome paſſages in them very like your way of writing; and by what *you uſed to talk about Town* before the publication of them, as well as what you are now pleaſed to Acknowledge, 'tis plain without going any further, there is ground enough for an Inſinuation of that nature. The Reaſon why I cited ſome things out of your Writings, was both becauſe (as I ſaid juſt now) I found a ſtrange agreement *in Senſe* and *Stile* between them and thoſe of *L. P.* and alſo that I found ſeveral *paſſages there lyable to juſt Exception*: and why I may not make Remarks on *ſuch*, wherever I find them, you have not yet convinced me.

You *ſolemnly declare you are not the Author of the two Eſſays*; And yet you own that you aſſiſted towards the Compoſition of that Elaborate Pamphlet, being induced to it, not by any motives of *Reaſon*, but (ſuch is your *ſoft, gentle and Chriſtian meekneſs*) by a *Private diſguſt* at *D. W.* But ſince you ſay you are ſorry *that you were tempted to caſt your Eyes on ſome vicious Fragments of thoſe Patcht Eſſays*, and alſo that the Author hath made *ſuch an ill uſe of your* kind *furniſhing him with Books and Letters*: I declare *I am ſorry* too, that you did not prohibit the Publication of thoſe *Patcht Eſſays*, and which had not *you*, as you ſay, *toucht here and there*, I had never *toucht* you. You muſt therefore Sir, thank your ſelf *for the unkind Animadverſions you* complain of; which how *unkind* ſoever they may appear to you, I am ſure are not *unjuſt*.

You ſay indeed, that *I have a peculiar faculty of bringing forth Monſters, catching here and there a line, and ſometimes ſingle words, piecing them together into one ridiculous Paragraph.* Had you proved this, Sir, t'would lye as hard on me, as now it doth on you; but the Inſtance you give is very ſhort of it. You ſay, *I introduce on my Stage the Monkeys and Apes (as before I had done Falſe Dice and Trick Tack) which if any one thinks it worth his labour to compare with your Letter to Mr.* Ray, *he will ſoon diſcover the Venom and Ulcer of this Mercurial Remarker.* But, Sir, your *Invention* it ſeems is much better than your Eye-ſight, for I make no mention of *Falſe Dice* any where, and not of *Tick Tack* till 76 pages after this: And for the *Monkeys and Apes*, 'twas your ſelf *introduced them on the Engliſh Stage*; as will plainly appear if the Reader pleaſe to peruſe that Letter of yours. In the Place you referr to, *viz. p.* 51. of my Remarks, I urge againſt *L.* P. that though it could be proved that the Foſſil Shells were not depoſited, where they are found, by the Deluge, yet would it not thence follow, that they were not Shells at all: And for this I bring the Teſtimony of the moſt Learned Doctor *T. R.* who tho he thought *ſome of theſe Bodies might be ſcatter'd up and down the Earth by Encampments of Armies*, &c. *or by Apes and Monkeys*: yet calls them Shells notwithſtanding. Now in this, Sir, I do you no wrong, for the Paſſage in your Letter to Mr. *Ray* is only a little longer, but to the very ſame ſenſe. Say you there, *Mr.* Loubere, *the late French Envoy to* Siam, *affirms that the Monkeys and Apes are almoſt continually carrying Shells, and other Marine Bodies from the Sea-ſide up to the Mountains.* All I can be culpable for here, is only that I did not cite the Authority from whence you had this Obſervation, and that I call *that your Opinion*, which you had from Mr. *Loubere*. And is it not ſo? don't you bring this as one way, by which Shells may come to the Tops of Hills? Mr. *Loubere* perhaps was ſo happy as to ſee the Monkeys and Apes about this important work; his

there

... Fact: which is all I say of it. And therefore, wherein the *Barbarity, Ulcer and Venom of this matter* lies, you would have done better to have demonstrated, than to have charged it *unjustly* and *unfairly* upon me, without doing so.

Next, Sir, you charge me with *Jirking* at the *Boyling and Burning Fountains*, which you are pleased to say, *are not so much as warm, and even actually cold* (vid. *My Remarks* p. 59.) And really, Sir, I can't but think still, that you deserve a little Animadversion for that manner of expressing your self. For if by *Boyling* and *Burning*, you mean as other People do, and according to the true signification of those words, you will find very few Persons that will believe the Fact you Relate, *viz. that Boyling and Burning Fountains are actually cold.* But if by *Boyling* you mean nothing *but a Fountain's bubbling* up, I can't see what need there is of a Pompous Account of such a Fountain: For wherever there is a great Pressure or weight of Water, and the Orifice of the Spring but Narrow: Or wherever any Air or Vapour comes out along with the Water, there this mighty Phænomenon of the *Bubbling* or *Boyling* of the Water will follow: And yet it will be no great news to tell the World that you have seen a Spring bubble up, whose Water is cold. And then as to *Burning*; if by it you mean *no burning of the Water at all*, but only, an irruption of some Sulphurous or Bituminous Vapours at, or near the Fountain Head (which was the Case of the *Spring* near *Wigan* in *Lancashire*, *Phil. Trans. N.* 26.) I think still you had as good not have *called it a Burning Fountain*: And 'tis your *pretty wording of* it only, that I find fault with all; being satisfied there is in nature in many Places, something like what *you mean*, without desiring any *old Woman to pour those Fountains into my Skull*, which (by a way peculiar to you) you say she can so easily do.

After this you tell Mr. *Wotton* that I have some where or other, tho where you know not, *a very nauseous piece of Scurrility on himself for his Laborious and Accurate Account of Agostino Scilla*: Now Sir, since you discourage Mr. *Wotton* from Reading my Book, by a witty Argument drawn from its price, you ought to have been so just and kind as to have quoted that *Nauseous* and *Scurrilous* Passage: But the mischief is, there is no such thing there. I never mention Mr. *Wotton* once in all my Book, nor do I charge the *Extract of Scilla* on him: Indeed I say, *that Extract is liable to Exceptions, and that I can prove it*, and I say now that the Extracter shall have that Proof whenever he desires it. But where is the *Nauseousness* and *Scurrility* of this: Alass, 'tis only a poor dis-ingenuous Artifice of yours to prejudice Mr. *Wotton* and draw him into your Quarrel; and you practice the very same with reference to Dr. *Hook*, Mr. *Ray*, and Dr. *Lister*: which I doubt not, but those Gentlemen are well aware of: And now Sir, having finished my Answer to the great Charge against me; pray give me leave to ask you a few Questions, and so I will leave you.

And first Sir, I wou'd fain know whether your calling such pretty Gentile Names as you do, such as, *Buffoon, Mountebank, Scaramouch, and Harlequin, Draw-Can-Sir, Leviathan, Fitz-Harris, Pueril Declamator*, &c. be suitable to *that Christian Meekness, and to those soft and gentle Instructions you have so often been* (as you say) *inspired with all*? and whether it be agreeable to the kind promise you made of *not treating me after my own Petulant and Inhumane Manner*? and whether this *be not a little suspicious, and most disagreeable to the refined part of Mankind*? to give it in your own way. 2dly. May not a man that so soon forgets his promised way of handling Mr. *Harris*, forget also whether he ever *knew the Author of the two Letters* or not? for indeed Sir, there are in them (as I observe in my Remarks) so many things agreeable to the Stile and manner of writing used by *L. P.* that they wou'd tempt any one to think they had the same Original. And truly Sir, there are even in this very Letter of yours a great many Touches which are very like the Masterly hand of *L. P.* such as the *Ulcer and Venom of this mercurial Remarker: ducking in a mighty Volum of vanity: Every old Womans being able to pour the Boyling and Burning Fountains into my skull*: And that concluding piece of Elegance, *that you are not affected with the Grimaces of Buffoons, and Mountebanks, unless by way of Laughter as in this* J. H. *his Remarkable Theatre of Scaramouch, and Harlequin: Judge you now of this Hue-in-cry from your Brother of* Winchelsey: All which I think are enough to justifie a Remark I have made at the top of my 51 Page: Which I will not here repeat, but leave you to consider of it at your Leisure.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.

J. H.